Did we not cast Three Men *Bound into the midst of the* Fire *Lo I see* Four Men *loose Walking in the midst of the* Fire *They have no hurt the Form of the* Fourth *is like the* Son of God. Dan 3.v.24.25

THE SONG OF THE Three Children PARAPHRAS'D:

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

By MARC LE PLA, late Vicar of *Finchingfield*, in *Essex*.

Revis'd and Publish'd by S. WESLEY, A. M.

O give Thanks unto the Lord and call upon his Name, tell the People what things he hath done.
O let your Songs be of him and praise him, and let your talking be of all his wondrous Works. Ps. cvi.

LONDON:
Printed by E. SAY, for W. MEADOWS at the *Angel*, in *Cornhill*, and T. WORRALL, at the *Judge's-Head*, over-against St. *Dunstan's* Church in *Fleet-street*. 1728.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE

SONG

OF THE

Three Children

IN

PARADISE.

To the Reverend

Phillips Gretton, A. M.

Rector of *Springfield*, in *Eſſex*,

SON IN-LAW;

AND TO

Mrs. ANNE GRETTON,

AND

Mrs. MARY GODFREY,

DAUGHTERS

OF

The Reverend AUTHOR,

THIS

POEM,

Thus reviſ'd and publiſh'd,

IS,

With all due Reſpect, Inſcrib'd

By their Humble Servant,

SAMUEL WESLEY.

To the Reverend

THE

PREFACE.

I Have corrected and printed the following Poem, by the Conſent and Advice of thoſe who had moſt Authority to give it me. It was written as a Thankſgiving to God, after a Recovery from Sickneſs; and, notwithſtanding my Share therein, I

do

do venture to pronounce it worthy the Publick Acceptance.

THE Subject is exceedingly Poetical, and well choſen; tho' ſome Dreamers of *Parnaſſus* affirm, that true Religion is almoſt inconſiſtent with true Poetry. The leſſer Lights ſtill govern the Night, and the Sun yet knoweth his going down. The Face of Nature is as beautiful as ever, Why may it not then be as beautifully painted? If Poets therefore be Enemies to Religion, it muſt be in their Perſonal, not their Poe-

tical Capacity. The Roughneſs of ſome Scripture Words is no Objection againſt others: Not to inſiſt, that Strength often attones for the Want of Smoothneſs. Is not *Sion* as harmonious a Name as *Olympus*? Is not the Sound of *Lucifer* the ſame, whether it ſignifies a Star in the Firmament, or the Prince of Darkneſs? It ſeems unreaſonable to confine Machinery to Heathen Gods, that is, to Evil Spirits only. At the Creation, the Seraphs join'd in a Chorus; *the Morning Stars ſang together, and all the Sons of God ſhouted for Joy.*

Why must we call for Assistance upon Idols and Devils, and exclude the best Poets in the Universe from any Part in our Terrestial Poetry? This is like what is reported of *Creton*, who finding the Battle of the Angels in a Church-Window, broke the Picture of *Michael* in Pieces, and left the Image of the Dragon entire.

THE Christian, not content with Equality, stands on higher Ground than the Pagan. For *Dagon* must fall before the Ark, and false

Inſpiration give Place to true. Cloud-compelling *Jove* vaniſhes into nothing when ſet near *Jehovah, who maketh the Clouds his Chariot, and walketh upon the Wings of the Wind.* We meet not in *Homer* either with the Name, or Thing Almighty: Nor has He or *Virgil* any Deſcription of divine Power fit to be mention'd with that of the Pſalmiſt; *He ſpake and they were made*; or of Moſes, *Let there be Light, and there was Light.* I ſhould not have alledg'd this latter Inſtance, had it not been commended by *Longinus*, an

acknowledg'd Judge of good Writing; and perhaps thoſe Wits who laugh at the *Greek*, and deſpiſe the Critick, will have ſome Reſpect, at leaſt, for the Heathen.

THE Story, which gave Occaſion to the Song of the Three Children, yields a far nobler Example of Machinery, than any I can recollect in the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Nebuchadnezzar*, the King, having caſt Three Men bound into the Furnace, which was heated by his Commandment Seven Times hotter, than uſual,

cries

cries out with Aſtoniſhment, *Lo, I ſee Four Men looſe walking in the midſt of the Fire, and they have no Hurt, and the Form of the Fourth is like the Son of God.* The Truth of the Fact ſurely does not leſſen the Probability; and, without doubt, it heightens the Marvellous. The Occaſion of this Divine Interpoſition is the moſt important, that Fancy can conceive; namely, the Vindication of GOD's Honour againſt falſe Gods, ſet up in Oppoſition to Him; and the Defence of honeſt and pious Men, who dar'd purſue

their

their Duty, without any Regard to the Terrors of this World. Here is no ſtealing Favourites away from Danger, but, what is much more, preſerving them in it; no raiſing a Cloud, which ſeems natural enough, but reverſing, for a Time, the known Power of Nature, and commanding the Fire not to burn, even while it retain'd its Fierceneſs; as appears, by its killing thoſe Men, who drew up the Saints out of the Furnace. Can any Mortal prefer the feign'd Actions of the *Gentile* Deities to this real Appearance of the true God, ſo much

much as in a Poetical View, unleſs he be miſerably prejudic'd in Favour of Hell, and in good Earneſt poſſeſs'd by the *Dæmon* of *Delphi*?

BUT I detain the Reader from a ſtronger Proof, than any can be given in Proſe, that Sacred Subjects are proper for Poetry.

much as in a Poetical View, unless he be miserably prejudic'd in Favour of Hell, and in good Earnest pol-sess'd by the Demon of Delphi?

BUT I detain the Reader from a stronger Proof, than any can be given in Prose, that Sacred Subjects are proper for Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE Three Children PARAPHRAS'D.

BEINGS, that lifeless meerly Being have,
With those, that vegetate and yield Increase,
Beings, to whom your Author Senses gave,
And you, who Mind and Intellect possess,

O All ye Works of the Lord, &c.

Quit your Diſtinctions of Degree and Kind,
Riſe, and in ſacred Raptures all unite,
To praiſe for-ever that eternal Mind,
Who daily bleſſes all with Mercies infinite.

II.

O ye Angels of the Lord, &c. — Immortal Subſtances above!
Princes obedient! Seraphs bright!
For-ever burning with exalted Love,
Intelligential Rays of the Great Source of Light;
Hoſts of the Jealous God! Ætherial Bands,
Who point his Thunderbolts, as He commands;
Splendid Courtiers of the Skies,
Watchful Guards of Innocence,
Who guide us here, and waft us hence;
Angels, dependant Deities,
Praiſe him, whoſe Height your ſharpeſt Ken tranſcends,
Whom not the firſt-born Seraph comprehends.

III. Amazing

III.

Amazing Fabrick of the Skies! O ye Heavens, &c.
Arch'd Azure Roof, thick-set with living Fires,
With Orbs unnumber'd of unmeasur'd Size,
Which human Art in vain to view aspires;
Vast Amphitheatre of boundless Space,
Where Worlds of Light run their commanded Race,
In Time and Measure musically move,
And through Variety of Figures rove,
Yet keep unwearied their unerring Ways;
In you your Author wrote his awful Name
In lasting Characters of Flame,
In th' universal Language, in a Hand,
Which all may read, all Nations understand:
Through your wide Regions Praise to Him be giv'n,
Who fix'd his everlasting Throne in Empyrean Heav'n.

IV.

O ye Waters, that be above the Firmament, &c.

Cæleſtial Waters, who at God's Command
Exalted by his Spirit upwards flew
Above the Firmament's expanded Blue,
And left groſs Ocean, and inferior Land;
Parent of Elements, primæval Cold,
Who, rais'd to fix'd Repoſe and Eaſe,
With Pity from your Heights behold
Your little agitated Siſter Seas,
Whoſe Waves now riſe, and now ſubſide,
Toſs'd by Wind, and daſh'd by Tide;
To whom your Stores auxiliary you lent
The Rebel ſturdy Giant Race,
And Giant Sins from Earth t' efface,
And drown the antient World diſdaining to repent;
Then at the raiſing of a new
And better Offspring quickly you
Back to your lofty Seats obediently withdrew:

Ye ſure Foundations of the Heav'ns proclaim
Your Maker's ever-during Fame,
In your ſtill Eloquence his Praiſe rehearſe,
Who by your Staticks pois'd the new-made Univerſe.

V.

Ye Pow'rs of God, to whoſe Vicegerent Care
Empires and Fates of Kings entruſted are,
Ye Sev'n diſtinguiſh'd Hierarchies, who ſtand
Neareſt the Throne, in eminent Command;
Ye Eyes of ever-waking Providence,
Of wonderful Effects the Cauſe unſeen,
Diſpoſing trivial intricate Events
Beyond the Wiſdom or the Strength of Men;
To him perpetual Hallelujah ſing,
Who deigns for Man your Service to employ,
To the true Source of Pow'r, the only King,
Who with a Word can ſave, and with a Word deſtroy.

O all ye Powers of the Lord, &c.

VI. Un-

VI.

O ye Sun, &c.

Unexhausted Source of Heat,
Whose Beams the Face of Nature paint,
Emblem of all that's Good or Great,
Or Beauteous, or Beneficent;
Whose Genial Parent Rays bestow
Life and Light on all below;
On whose revolving Golden Car of State,
The Hours, and Days, and Months, and Years, in
[duteous Order wait;
Fair Picture of the glorious Cause of All,
So fair, that erring Nations prostrate fall,
And take the Copy for th' Original;
From East to West your Journey bright
Through ev'ry Climate as you run,
Bless the uncreated Light,
With whom compar'd you are no Sun.

VII. Silver

VII.

Silver Queen of dusky Spheres,
Whose cooler Fire and Female Light
Day supply, dispel our Fears,
And gild the Horror of the Night;
To whose imperial Sceptre bow
Stars above and Seas below;
Whose Youth can *Phœnix*-like return,
Like her with solar Fire you burn,
Like her rise fairer from your Urn;
To God unceasing Homage pay,
Whose native and unborrow'd Ray,
Nor Wanes, nor Changes undergoes,
Nor Shade of Variation knows,
Who bears alone unbounded Sway,
Nor circumscrib'd by Night, nor limited by Day.

VIII. Spangles

VIII.

O ye Stars of Heaven, &c.

Spangles of Gold, Night's richeſt Dreſs,
When gay in Publick ſhe appears,
And glittering bright like Diamonds numberleſs
Profuſely ſcatter'd on her Sable wears;
Huge Worlds, yet ſeeming little Points of Light,
Whoſe Diſtance favours and deceives our Sight;
Nearer your Blaze and Heat we could not bear,
Nor could you mark the Seaſons of our Year:
Planets, who regularly rove,
Stars ſuperior fix'd above,
Who lead through Night the Sailor on,
Sure as the Meridian Sun;
Bleſs him, from whom your Luſtre flows,
Who guides your circling Motion ever right,
Your Names, your Number, and your Nature knows,
Creator, as in Power, in Knowledge infinite!

IX. Bleſs

IX.

Bleſs God, ye ſoft-deſcending Show'rs, O ye Showers, &c.
Earth's Balm infus'd to cloſe her op'ning Veins,
To hatch the tender Infant Flow'rs,
T'inform with ſpringing Life the drooping Plains.
Let fond *Ægyptians* boaſt their Seven-Mouth'd *Nile*,
Without your Help ſupplies their little Want;
You water ev'ry Coaſt, and ev'ry Soil,
And Rivers of the World yourſelves may vaunt;
From Pole to Pole you carry due Supplies,
Within no narrow Brinks confin'd;
Through trackleſs Roads you float along the Skies,
Wafted by Providential Wind,
'Till far-fetch'd Northern Stores allay
The parching Southern Heat of Day;
Bleſs him, whoſe Hand unwearied pours
Rich Bleſſings over all his Works in never-ceaſing [Show'rs.

X.

And Dews, Mists, &c.

Ye drizzling Mists, whose silent Fall
Wets deeper, than the sounding Rain,
Whom solar Beams together call,
Whom solar Beams dispel again;
Foggs, that thick-gathering can defy,
And veil the World's all-seeing Eye,
And, 'till dispers'd by his victorious Ray,
Spread Midnight o'er us in the Noon of Day;
Praise Him, who tho' a little Space
He seems to hide his radiant Face,
And when we pray, and when we weep,
An angry Silence seems to keep,
After short Gloom shines gracious from above
In Beams of Mercy, Faithfulness, and Love.

XI.

O ye Winds of God, &c.

Cool Gales, whose healthful Show'ry Breeze
Wantons 'midst the Flow'rs and Trees,

And

And wilder Storms, whoſe Fury ſends
Inviſible reſiſtleſs Blows,
The Mariner's perfidious Friends,
But dreadful and relentleſs Foes.
Impetuous Tyrants of the Sea and Air,
Who Navy's wreck, and deep-fix'd Foreſts tear;
Diſturbers of the ſhatter'd Univerſe,
Loud-rolling Thunder's rapid Wings;
Praiſe Him, whoſe Breath, as you the Duſt diſperſe,
Scatters the Pride of States, and Monarchies of Kings.

XII.

O ye Fire. Pure heav'nly Elemental Fire,
Who reſt within your proper Sphere,
And Flames, that towards Heav'n aſpire,
And rage at being fetter'd here;
Furious, when looſe, deſtroying, while you ſhine,
Ordain'd to waſte the World by Wrath divine;
That awful God your utmoſt Homage claims,

Ye Executioners of milder Ire,
Who needs not groſs and miniſterial Flames
But is himſelf, provok'd, the moſt conſuming Fire.

XIII.

And Heat, &c. Son of Motion, genial Heat,
Who Motion in your Turn beget,
Vital Principle, whence flow
Our Actions, and our Paſſions too,
Chymiſt, whoſe Sympathy unites and binds,
Each kindred Part, and ſevers Foreign kinds,
Chief Spring of Nature's wonderful Machine,
Who giv'ſt to Flow'rs the Bloom, to Leaves the Green,
Fountain of chearful Health, to whom belong
The Gay, the Fierce, the Beauteous, and the Strong,
Without whoſe vig'rous Energy
This Globe of Air, and Earth, and Sea,
One Joyleſs, Uſeleſs, Lifeleſs Lump would be;

Praiſe

Praise him, by whom preserv'd subsists the Whole,
Nor needs a plastick-universal Soul.

XIV.

Winter, long Swoon of each decrepid Year, O ye Winter.
Who chill its Veins, and bring its hoary Hair,
When strip'd of ev'ry Beauty Nature lies
Thrown into pale and dying Agonies,
Bless Nature's Author, whose reviving Breath
Makes Spring succeed our Winter, Life our Death.

XV.

Summer, the Year's more manly Age, And Summer, &c.
Whose Pulse beats strongly, boiling high,
Luxuriant, while the Dog-Star's Rage
Dares with the fiery Lion vye;
When all, that breathe within the Waters, play,
Gambols on Land the blith four-footed Throng,
Birds chant melodious on the dancing Spray,
And gladsome Nature ecchoes to the Song,

Smallest

Smalleſt Sparks of Life are gay,
Flies and Inſects ſing and play,
Lately ſeeming dead revive,
Now they wake, and now they live.
Bleſt Seaſon! Whoſe returning Fruits and Flow'rs
To Earth a yearly Paradiſe reſtores,
Offer to God your earlieſt Fruits, and raiſe
Trophies and Garlands of unfading Praiſe.

XVI.

O ye Dews,

Gently-falling pearly Dew,
Liquid Diamonds of the Morn,
Which various gliſt'ring to the View,
Pendant from the Leaf or Thorn,
The Pomp of Nature's Dreſs declare,
And make the Morning ſelf more fair;
Drops that Inſects feed, and Plants,
And, when the Meal is done,
No longer uſeful to their Wants,

Shrink

Shrink from the warmer Sun.
So Manna, o'er the Deſart ſpread,
Was melted, having *Iſrael* fed;
Dews, that longer oft have ſhin'd,
Harden'd by the Northern Wind,
Like bright but brittle Chryſtal ſeen,
Or Silver froſted o'er the Green;
Bleſs God, who deigns his Influence to infuſe,
Secret, refreſhing, as the ſilent Dews.

XVII.

Deſtroying Angel, General Blaſt,
Who lay'ſt our fertile Countries waſte,
Whoſe Pinch nor Herb nor Animal can bear,
Univerſal Forager!
Leaneſs, whoſe Teeth, like *Pharaoh*'s Kine, devour
What plenteous Harveſts gave before,
Yet oft with Uſury repay
What their firſt Keeneſs ſnatch'd away,

And Froſts, &c.

The

The wearied Soil impregnate, and prepare
For fuller richer Crops th' enſuing Year;
Bleſs him, whoſe all-diſpoſing Providence
Adds bitter Phyſick to our pleaſing Food,
With Good and Evil chequers all Events,
T' exalt his Glory, and his Creature's Good.

XVIII.

O ye Froſt and Cold, &c.

Shiv'ring Ague of the Air,
Churliſh Colony ſent forth
From your inhoſpitable North,
Rugged Companion of the Polar Bear,
Cold, whom like a Beaſt of Prey
Oft by Fire we chaſe away,
Cold, whoſe ſearing Breath bereaves
Hills of Trees, and Trees of Leaves,
Yet, which attones for all the Ills you do,
With Trees and Leaves you ſweep Diſeaſes too:

Bleſs

Bleſs him, whoſe gracious Wiſdom ſtores
The North with Fuel, and with Furs,
(Furs, that defenſive Armour make,
Soft Baſtions, which your Forces cannot ſhake)
Who for each Ill, which here on Earth we ſee,
Provides a fitly-ſuited Remedy.

XIX.

Ice, who the fluid Element can bind, O ye Ice,
Protected from its Tyrant Wind:
In ſhining Fetters, tho' at large, confin'd
By thee, the finny Race immur'd
Reſt ſafe from Hooks and Nets ſecur'd:
Encroaching Ships are ſudden ſtaid,
That paſs the antient Bounds, which prudent Nature [made:
Nor can th' unwilling Captives force their Way,
Held faſter, than by fabled *Remora*:

By thee weak Waves a ſolid Road can form,
And firm, as Marble, ſtand the Winter's Storm:
Nor can the Icy Sea, when moſt it ſwells
With raging Tides, its Bridge of Chryſtal ſhock;
Bleſs him, who turns hard Rock to ſpringing Wells,
And turns by you ſoft Water into Rock.

XX.

And Snow, &c.

Light congeal'd in feather'd Show'rs,
Of Innocence the Emblem bright,
Mantling Trees, and Fields, and Tow'rs,
Dazzling with a Waſte of White;
Flakes, that, thick-pouring from the low-hung Cloud,
At once both Ornament and Safety yield,
From piercing Cold, whoſe gather'd Fleeces ſhroud
The tender verdant Offspring of the Field;

Bleſs

Bleſs God, who ſhields his Saints from ev'ry Harm,
At whoſe Command Fire ſhall not Heat, and Snow
[itſelf ſhall Warm.

XXI.

Relict of Chaos, melancholy Night, O ye Nights,
Night, at whoſe Pencil's Touch the Colours fade
Of Nature's Landskip; vaniſh'd from our Sight
The Roſe and Bri'r are equal in the Shade:
Night, the World's dark and temporary Grave,
Who lays the Monarch level with the Slave,
Daily Sabbath, made to reſt
Toiling Man, and weary Beaſt;
A Comforter, in whom th' afflicted find
Oblivion of their Woes, and Indolence of Mind;
Praiſe him, whoſe radiant and all-piercing Sight
Makes Midnight Darkneſs clear as Noon-day Light.

XXII.

And Days, &c. Day, univerſal Beauty, Ray divine,
Whom none but Guilt and Falſhood fear,
Truth undiſguis'd and ſpotleſs Virtue ſhine
With native Luſtre bright, when you appear;
Day, whom gloomy Sorrow flies,
Pouring Eye-ſight on our Eyes,
Mountain, Foreſt, Sea, and Plain
Departed late, return again:
Nature from Night's dark Priſon forth you call,
Type of the Reſurrection general:
New Motion, and new Life you give
To all, that move, and all, that live,
Bleſs God, Father of Lights, who bids you riſe
With undiſtinguiſh'd Beams on Friends and Enemies.

XXIII. Light,

XXIII.

Light, Creation's firſt Eſſay, Oye Light,
Gladſome Uſher of the Day,
Who your ſhining Parent Sun
Still attend, and ſtill outrun;
Pureſt Angel's bleſt Abode,
Robe Majeſtical of God,
Swifter than Whirlwind from the Eaſt you flow,
And in an Inſtant ſtrike our Eyes below;
Who dar'ſt almoſt for Speed with Spirit vie,
For Thought, and only Thought can quicker fly:
Whoſe Beams with falſe unreal Colours cheat,
Yet, hating Falſhood, ſhow your own Deceit;
Whom nobleſt Painter's mimick Pain
Strives to imitate in vain,
Contracting largeſt Objects, Earth, or Sky,
Within the narrow Pupil of the Eye;

Praiſe

Praiſe never-ceaſing be to him convey'd,

To whom your utmoſt Luſtre's but a Shade.

XXIV.

And Darkneſs, &c.

Darkneſs! Whoſe Empire no Beginning knew,

The blind Confuſion, whence this Order grew,

E'er yet the Spirits Wings, that brooding lay,

Had hatch'd the new-made World, e'er ſhone the joyous Day;

Black Privation, ſhadowy Name,

Phantom, to ſcare the Wicked ſent,

The cloſe Retreat of bluſhing Shame,

Of guilty Sin the Puniſhment,

Dreaded unſubſtantial Spright,

Shy vaniſhing at Morning Light;

Bleſs Him, whoſe fertil Word to Being brought

Light from thy Boſom, and the World from Nought.

XXV. Rolling

XXV.

Rolling Thunders, Voice divine, O ye Light-nings,
Lightnings, blasting while ye shine,
Th' Alarm of angry Heaven, whose Terrors make
The Nations tremble, and the Forests shake,
God's Weapons of resistless Flame,
Arrows of sure unerring Aim,
Walls within Walls no more the Passage bar,
Than unopposing Space of liquid Air;
Through the Welkin see they glide,
Quick to punish human Pride,
By these did *Sodom*'s Lust in Flames expire,
And felt the Vengeance of Ætherial Fire;
Swift-wing'd Lightnings, Thunders loud,
Praise the everlasting God,

From

From whom deſcending at the Judgment Day,
Both Earth and Heav'n itſelf ſhall flee away.

XXVI.

And Clouds, &c.

Clouds, ſoft Furls of folded Air,
Beauteous Tap'ſtry of the Skies,
Ever-fleeting Landskips fair
With infinite Varieties;
Ye penſile Lakes, that arm our Floods with Rage,
God's Magazines, when purpos'd War to wage,
Whether, to cauſe the Plowman's Hopes to fail,
He pours unkindly Rain inceſſant down,
Or elſe, from frozen Stores of moulded Hail,
Deſtroys the Herbage with a Show'r of Stone;
Praiſe him, who when of Old the Heav'ns he bow'd,
Choſe for his pompous Car an awful Cloud,
Who, when delighted to appear
The Object more of Love, than Fear,

Aſſum'd

Assum'd a gentler Cloud, and milder Ray,
To lead his *Israel* through the Desart Way,
Or o'er the Mercy-Seat his Glory bright display.

XXVII.

Mother of all Things, Earth, the Womb
Of Worms and Monarchs, and their Tomb; O let the Earth bless, &c.
The happy Seat, at first, of Peace,
Love, and Innocence, and Joys,
Untill'd, producing blest Increase,
Flow'rs and Fruits of Paradise,
'Till curs'd for Sin, tho' till'd, you scarcely grant
Supplies for guilty Man's redoubled Want,
And yield, for chearing Wine, and strength'ning Corn,
The prickly Thistle, and the fruitless Thorn:
Great Theatre of Change, whereon we play
Perhaps a gay, but short and anxious Part,
Where Sins, Vexations, Losses, Pains allay,
Our greatest Joys with sure-attending Smart;

Bleſs God, and thankfully receive,
What ſtill his Goodneſs deigns to give,
Who grants, when waken'd from your Duſt we riſe,
A better Earth, and ſafer Paradiſe,
Where neither Pain nor Trouble ſhall moleſt,
Nor Sin, nor Serpent break our endleſs Reſt.

XXVIII.

O ye Mountains

O ye Mountains, who Clouds beneath you can deſpiſe,
Earth's Pillars, who triumphant Arches form,
Unſhaken Objects of perpetual Storm,
Beauteous, tho' vaſt, noble Deformities,
Old ſtately Monuments of Nature's Birth,
Whether you overlook the Sea,
And point to Mariners their Way,
Or elſe with various Gifts enrich the Earth,
Ripen the Minerals, and Gems, and Ore,
And wealthy Rivers unexhauſted pour,
Fix'd Land-marks, friendly Umpires of Debates,

Ramparts

Ramparts of Wars, and Boundaries of States;
Bleſs him, who makes your Pride to fail,
Whoſe Preſence, when provok'd, you fly
Lighter than Duſt within his Scale,
Leſs than nothing in his Eye.

XXIX.

Small Hills, whoſe gently riſing Height, And Hills, &c.
And Proſpects ſweet and pleaſant Shades,
The Pomp of Courts, and Crowd of Cities ſlight,
Thrones of Delight, which Treaſon ne'er invades,
Where artleſs Bliſs, and genuine Beauties grow,
That neither Av'rice baſe, nor worſe Ambition know,
Where Flocks and Herds are ſhelter'd, and are fed,
A Table plenteous, and a flow'ry Bed;
Praiſe him, who makes ev'n Kings, who Scepters (wield,
Dependant on the ſlighted Field,

With Cares and Dangers has beſet
The lofty Stations of the Great,
While calm and ſafe the middle Seats appear,
Too high to envy, and too low to fear.

XXX.

O all ye green Things upon the Earth, &c.

Tall ſtately Cedars, ſhedding rich Perfumes,
Wherewith our verdant *Lebanon* is grac'd,
Who, ſelf-embalm'd in your own fragrant Gums,
Defy Corruption, and for ever laſt;
All that each diff'rent Clime or Seaſon bears,
Who ſpicy Odours breathe, or weep in balmy Tears,
All that from Mother Earth's fair Boſom riſe,
Whate'er was known of Old to *Solomon* the wiſe;
Or Flow'rs, our dainty Senſe to pleaſe,
Or Herbs, to yield our Hunger Food,
Simples, to remedy Diſeaſe,
To temper, or exalt our Blood;

Bleſs

Bleſs him, who gave your Virtues and your Scents,
Whoſe Hand your various glowing Colours paints,
Colours, whoſe native Luſtre has outſhone
Great *David*'s pompous Heir, bright on his Iv'ry Throne.

XXXI.

Fountains, tranſparent Mirrors, where — O ye Wells, bleſs, &c.
The Sun, delighted to appear,
Stamps on fluid trembling Glaſs
His glorious, tho' reflected Face;
Common, yet precious Veſſels, which o'erflow,
And Silver potable on all beſtow;
Praiſe him, who feeds your Springs, and Want ſupplies,
The never-failing Source, whence living Waters riſe.

XXXII.

Vaſt Ocean, moving World, unſure Abode — O ye Seas
Of Fleets, a beaten, yet a trackleſs Road,

Who

Who once devoted Earth o'er-ſpread,
Now chain'd for ever to your Bed,
Where furious oft you rage in vain
At the full Moon, and at the Wane;
Monſter, whoſe Foam and Roaring threat the Shore,
Who, like a Lion couchant in the Way,
Sometimes with ſeeming Sleep deceive your Prey,
Then ſudden rous'd inſatiately devour;
Yet made a Beaſt of Burden you convey
Treaſures of diff'rent Coaſts along the watry Way,
The Strong, like *Sampſon*'s Riddle, yielding ſweet,
The great Devourer thus affording Meat;
Praiſe him, whoſe Nod, preſiding o'er the Deep,
Or ſwells to Storms, or bids the Ocean ſleep,
Faſt bound by his Almighty Hand
In Adamantine Chains of deſpicable Sand.

XXXIII. Rivers,

XXXIII.

Rivers, Earth's circulating Blood, And Floods, &c.
Which feeds her Seas, and feeds her Lands,
The Life of in-land Trade, whose friendly Flood
Far distant Cities joins in sure tho' fluid Bands;
Serpentine Waters, who yourselves out-run,
Yet with an equal Pace yourselves pursue,
Your Mansions always keep, and always shun,
Ever the same, yet ever New;
Useful Wanderers, that err,
Your Blessings wider to confer,
Ceaseless exalt his Praise, from whom alone
Created Being flows, himself deriv'd from none.

XXXIV.

Ye Whales, who 'midst the wide-extended Main, O ye Whales, and all that move in the Waters, &c.
When floating huge like living Islands show,
Where lawless Tyrants uncontroul'd you reign,

And fat with Lives of your Inferiors grow,
Who ſport at large, and take your Eaſe,
In ſpacious Azure Palaces,
Whoſe boding Viſits from afar
No leſs than Earthquakes, or a bearded Star,
Your conſcious Brother Tyrants fear,
And by your Ruin dread their own is near:
Ye leſſer Sea-born Nations nameleſs Fry,
Who by uncounted Millions multiply;
Ye curious Work of ſporting Nature's Hand,
Who imitate each Species of the Land,
Strangers to Sound, your Maker's Glory raiſe,
And let your Silence ſpeak aloud his Praiſe.

XXXV.

O all ye Fowls of the Air, &c.

Inhabitants of Woods and Air,
With rich embroider'd Plumage fair,
Builders, whoſe Structures far tranſcend,
What human Architecture ſhows

Of diff'rent Form, yet all defend
The callow Breed from Cold and Foes;
Wiſe Prophets of the future Year,
Who fly from Miſchiefs ye foreſee;
Poetick Choirs, who charm the Ear
With artleſs melting Melody,
Nature compoſing ev'ry Song
Eccho'd to the Dales and Groves,
Wherein the painted feather'd Throng
Sing their Paſſions and their Loves;
To God who gave your ſweeteſt Lays,
Grateful chant ye Hymns of Praiſe.

XXXVI.

Brutes, grov'ling Spirits, Souls, that die, O all ye Beaſts and Cattle, &c.
Slaves to your Senſes, and to Man,
Oft ſhowing, when you fight, or fly,
His forfeited Dominion vain,
Living Machines, by Art divine

Built, beyond Deſcription fine;
Purſuing Nature's End, by Inſtinct taught,
Whoſe ſtrange Impulſes oft exceed our Thought,
Lay all your wonted Enmities aſleep,
From Pards and Tigers, down to Dogs and Sheep;
Unanimous your Author bleſs,
In all your diff'rent Languages,
Whoſe Providence preſerves each various Beaſt,
All that in Deſarts range, or Paſtures reſt,
That Company in Herds, or ſingle ſtray,
And feeds the Lion roaring for his Prey.

XXXVII.

O ye Children of Men, &c.

Man, Sum of Beings, little World, where we
All Nature in a Point contracted ſee,
Where num'rous Contradictions join in wondrous Har-
(mony;
Body ſuſtain'd by fleeting Breath,
Immortal, liable to Death,

Mind

Mind, that beyond the World can fly,
Yet, chain'd to Duſt, muſt grovelling lie;
Who all Things ſeek to know with curious Eye,
Yet to your ſelf, your ſelf a Myſtery,
When of th' amazing Union you diſpute
Of Thought with Matter, and with Angel Brute;
Great Monarch of all Creatures here below,
Whate'er th' Almighty Pow'r and Word did form,
Yet cruſh'd beneath the meaneſt vileſt Foe,
Nearly allied to God, and Kindred to the Worm;
Bleſs God, who makes you over all Things reign,
And after Death reviv'd a nobler Kingdom gain;
Collective Praiſes to your Sov'reign pay,
Who reigns alone Supreme with Everlaſting Sway.

XXXVIII.

Bleſs God, O *Iſrael*, his peculiar Care, O let *Iſrael* bleſs, &c.
For whom fix'd Nature's Rules inverted are,

Divinely taught, divinely fed,
With Heav'nly Laws, and Angels Bread,
And cloath'd by Miracles, and led:
Ægypt, ſad Theatre of Judgment, ſees,
How vain t' oppreſs, whom God to ſave decrees;
O'er burning Sands the choſen Fav'rites go,
Lo, from the ſtricken Rock refreſhing Waters flow;
The Travellers point out the River's Courſe,
The River guides not here the Travellers,
Jehovah's Self in Perſon leads you on,
Arms the Creation for the War,
The Earth, the Inſects, and the Air,
Divides th' oppoſing Sea, and ſtops the Noon-day Sun;
For whom ſo many Wonders wrought we ſee,
They loſe almoſt their Name by Frequency;
Tune, tune your Harps, and *Sion*'s Anthem ſing
To God, your Guide, your Chief, your Father, and
(your King.

XXXIX. Bleſs

XXXIX.

Bleſs God, ye Prieſts, who at his Altars wait, O ye Prieſts of the Lord, &c.
Choſe from the choſen People of his Love,
Who here your future Bliſs anticipate,
And do on Earth, what Angels do above;
Your hallow'd Unction Heav'ns Vicegerents ſhare,
Should Monarchs to uſurp your Honours dare,
Struck from above they die! For Crimes alone
Bleſt Typick Mediators you atone,
By Death of Beaſts in feeble Emblem ſhew
Sorer Death to Sinners due;
Ambaſſadors of Peace to God aſpire,
Your Breaſts and Altars touch'd with Heav'nly Fire;
Before his Footſtool proſtrate low,
Your ſelves as living Victims ſhow;
Free from Spot of Worldly Cares,
Let your Praiſe, and let your Prayers

As Morning, and as Ev'ning Incenſe, riſe,
Perpetual and accepted Sacrifice.

XL.

O ye Servants of the Lord, &c.

You that to his Courts belong,
Sons of *Levi*, join the Song;
In his Temple, your Abode,
Born the Servants of your God,
To bear his Ark with awful Dread,
Round his Altar daily tread,
And nightly baniſh dewy Sleep,
Watches in his Houſe to keep;
Safe-arm'd with Innocence you may deſpiſe
The threat'ning Demagogues and Tyrant's Frown;
The King, that ſerves him not, is Slave to Vice,
The Slave, that ſerves him, titled to a Crown!
Ardent in Praiſe of your great Maſter be,
Whoſe Service is alone true genuine Liberty.

XLI. You

XLI.

You righteous Souls, from Chains of Body free, O ye Spirits, and Souls of the Righteous, &c.
Who long were toſt on Life's tempeſtuous Sea,
Now landed ſafe in bleſt Eternity,
For ever paſt this troublous fickle State,
Publick Diſtraction, and Domeſtick Hate,
And wilful Violence of the lawleſs Great,
Who dar'd for Right, while here on Earth, be bold,
With ſteady Hand th' unbyaſs'd Balance hold,
Nor caſt by Favour, nor weigh'd down by Gold,
Nor longer taught by Faith, by Sight you know,
Juſtice, is nobleſt Wiſdom here below;
Praiſe ye the Judge, whoſe righteous Doom will pay
Juſt Recompence to all at the great final Day.

XLII.

Bleſs God, ye Saints, ye wiſe and happy Few, O ye Holy,
He his own Image ſees, and loves in you;

Unmov'd

Unmov'd by Scoffers, who with haughty Air
Dictate their Follies from the Scorner's Chair,
Where pleas'd and proud the Ideots sit,
Their Guilt the Standard of their Wit;
Frantick the Shout, the Jest, the Mirth appears,
Which ends in fruitless and eternal Tears;
You who from Vice, as from Infection fly,
And care not to be damn'd for Company;
Numbers to Sin nor Strength nor Safety give;
'Tis better, tho' with few, to live,
Than die with many; in th' embattled Field
Who falls, is dead, as he, that's singly kill'd;
Praise God, whose gracious Pow'r has set you free
From Guilt, the basest heaviest Slavery;
Praises to you peculiarly belong,
He, who your Triumph gives, claims your triumphal
(Song.

XLIII. Let

XLIII.

You Humble Men, who know all Praiſe is due
To God ſupreme, and none to You,
Sole Author of your Good, and Witneſs too,
Who fear Applauſe, and greater Pains beſtow
In being pure, than ſeeming ſo;
Pride threw aſpiring Angels from the Skies,
Humility their vacant Thrones ſupplies,
And You, neglected here, low-ſtooping thither riſe;
Th' Eternal bleſs, who dwells on high,
Who ever to the lowly nigh,
Views from afar with Scorn the Sons of Pride,
With humble contrite Hearts delighted to reſide.

And Humble Men of Heart, &c.

XLIV.

Let Us, to ſev'nfold Fire condemn'd in vain,
Bleſs him, whoſe Nod can fierceſt Flames reſtrain,
God, the oppreſs'd all-gracious to defend,
God, of the friendleſs never-failing Friend:

O Ananias, Azarias, and Miſael, bleſs, &c.

Whoe'er vain Idols to his Throne would raiſe,
Againſt their Aim yield Matter for his Praiſe;
If barb'rous *Demons* human Lives require,
Let Sons of impiſt Idolaters expire,
When paſs'd to Murd'rer *Molech* through the Fi
Flames have Idol Gods ſubdu'd,
Melted their Oar, conſum'd their Wood,
But ſeem diſcerning to revere
Thoſe, who the God of *Iſrael* fear:
Thee therefore, Lord, ſafe-ſhielded by thy Pow
Thee, Son of God, *Jehovah* we adore,
In Form of Man deſcending to appear,
To Thee be ceaſeleſs Hallelujahs giv'n,
Praiſe, as in Heav'n, thy Throne, we offer here,
For, where thy Preſence is diſplay'd, is Heav'n.

FINIS.